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See "Vanity Fair to the Public," for Terms of Subscription, etc., on Second Page.

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VOL. 4. NO. 80.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

JULY 6,

1861.

THE PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

(Drawn from Life.)

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From the late Hon. Horace Mann.

July 29, 1850.

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From Louis Agassiz, LL. D.

I have looked over your great edition of Worcester's Dictionary, chiefly with the view of ascertaining how far it covers the ground in which I am particularly interested. It is of great importance, in our days, when the nomenclature of science is gradually creeping into common use, that an English Lexicon should embrace as much of it as is consistent with the language we speak. I am truly surprised and highly delighted to find that you have succeeded far beyond my expectation in making the proper selection, and combining with it a remarkable degree of accuracy.—More could hardly be given, except in a scientific Cyclopedia.

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THE WAR FEVER IN BALDINSVILLE.

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VANITY FAIR, owing to the gradual approach of years, has been obliged to adopt spectacles. The lenses that constitute this work of optical art are truly marvellous. They enable V. F. to see even more than Professor Lowe does in his balloon, on or about Arlington Heights. Apropos of nothing at all, the question suddenly strikes V. F. whether the Professor in his ascensions wears high Lowes. This is, however, a matter to which we will not further refer.

To return to our spectacles. The glasses are at present red with the light of battle. Across the field of vision flit a couple of weak and incomplete figures. They feebly meander in the direction of Wall Street. Each figure is masked, and by certain trepidations in movement they seem to betray the fact that their business is unholy.

It is unholy. The men are Bayard and Hunter. Like the snakes of their native soil, they come crawling through an undercover, coiling as they come, and ready to strike into the Northern Heart the poison of compromise. There are some constitutions that resist venom, and the Constitution of the United States is one of them. The word compromise cannot be uttered here. It sounds in Northern ears like a hiss. It means, in plain words, "wait till we Southerners are ready." It is a warning, and as such we accept it. Blood has flowed from Massachusetts hearts, and we hope has in the eye of Nationalism washed out all sectional prejudice against the Puritan State. It was shed in the best cause, and will emblazon the page of history. At Fort Sumter, the flag dear to American hearts was torn by Southern shot. The red veins that streaked that flag had arterial connection with the hearts of the North, and when they were cut, the North bled. Stung by the distant wound it rose, and the South stands appalled at the majesty of its attitude.

Out of the ranks of this Terror comes the squeaking sound of Compromise.

Compromise, after all that is sacred to American hearts has been trampled under foot?

Compromise, when obligations to God and man have been repudiated by so-called act of law?

Compromise, when every hillock in Virginia conceals a foe, and every railroad is a trap for loyalists?

Compromise, when the living wells that God called out of the rock are poisoned, and the effluence of Nature is perverted to the work of traitors?

Compromise, when the stars that stud the vault of Heaven would crimson, if they saw their sisters plucked by sacrilegious hands from the banner that is consecrated to Freedom?

There can be no compromise. This question has to be settled, and shall be settled.

We of the North are strong, and talk with the voice of strength. Party questions swim around us like boats in the Maelstrom, and are swallowed up in the great vortex of nationality. Self preservation is the present instinct, and that rises above all other laws of nature. Sad as fratricidal war may be, it is better than extinction. We are not going to be extinguished, and we think we can hold a candle to the South at any time.

Although this appears in the form of a Preface, Vanity Fair wishes it to be distinctly understood that it is not a Preface. It is a page of History, on the other side of which will be found inscribed the two words,—

VICTORY AND PEACE.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

CAPT. NIMSHI, OF THE AIRTOWN HOME GUARD, SUCCEEDS IN SATISFYING MRS. WILKINS AND THE BOARDERS OF THE INCAPACITY OF THE REGULAR OFFICERS, AND THE SUPERIORITY OF HIS PLAN FOR CAUTIOUS ADVANCES.

THE WAR FEVER IN BALDINSVILLE.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

As soon as I'd recooperated my physical systern, I went over into the village. The peasantry was glad to see me. The schoolmaster sed it was cheerin to see that giganti intelleck among 'em onct more. That's what he called me. I like the schoolmaster, and allers send him tobacker when I'm on a travelin campane. Besides, he is a very sensible man. Such men must be encouraged.

They don't git news very fast in Baldinsville, as nothin but a plank road runs in there twice a week, and that's very much out of repair. So my nabers wasn't much posted up in regard to the wars. 'Squire Baxter sed he'd voted the dimicratic ticket for goin on forty year, and the war was a dam black republican lie. Jo. Stackpole, who kills hogs for the 'Squire, and has got a powerful muscle into his arms, sed he'd bet $5 he could lick the Crisis in a fair stand-up fight, if he wouldn't draw a knife on him. So it went—sum was for war, and sum was for peace. The schoolmaster, however, sed the Slave Oligarky must cower at the feet of the North ere a year had flowed by, or pass over his dead corpse. "Esto perpetua!" he added, "And sine qua non also!" sed I, sternly, wishing to make a impression on to the villagers. "Requiescat in pace!" sed the schoolmaster. "Too troo, too troo," I ansered, "it's a scanderlus fact!"

The newspapers got alone at last, chock full of war, and the patriotic fever fairly bust out in Baldinsville. 'Squire Baxter sed he didn't b'lieve in Coercion, not one of 'em, and could prove by a file of *Eagles of Liberty* in his garret, that it was all a Whig lie, got up to raise the price of whisky and destroy our other liberties. But the old 'Squire got putty riled when he heard how the rebels was cuttin up, and he sed he reckoned he should skour up his old muskit and do a little square fitin for the Old Flag, which had allers bin on the ticket he'd voted, and he was too old to Bolt now. The 'Squire is all right at heart, but it takes longer for him to fill his venerable Biler with steam than it used to when he was young and frisky. As I previsly informed you, I am Captin of the Baldinsville Company. I riz gradooally but majesticly from drummer's Secretary to my present position. But I found the ranks wasn't full by no means, and commenced for to recroot. Havin notist a gineral desire on the part of young men who are into the Crisis to wear eppylits, I detarmined to have my company composed excloosively of offissers, everybody to rank as Brigadeer-Ginral. The follerin was among the varis questions which I put to recroots:

Do you know a masked battery from a hunk of gingerbread?

Do you know a eppylit from a piece of chalk?

If I trust you with a real gun, how many men of your own company do you speck you can manage to kill durin the war?

Hav you ever heard of Ginral Price of Missouri, and can you avoid simler accidents in case of a battle?

Hav you ever had the measles, and if so, how many?

How air you now?

Show me your tongue, &c., &c. Sum of the questions was sarcusstical.

The company filled up rapid, and last Sunday we went to the meetin house in full uniform. I had a severe time gittin into my military harness, as it was bilt for me many years ago; but I finally got inside of it, tho' it fitted me putty clost. Howsever, onct into it, I lookt fine—in fact, aw-inspirin. "Do you know me, Mrs. Ward?" sed I, walkin into the kitchin.

"Know you, you old fool? Of course I do."

I saw at once that she did.

I started for the meetin house, and I'm fraid I tried to walk too strate, for I cum very near fallin over backards; and in attemptin to recover myself, my sword got mixed up with my legs, and I fell in among a choice collection of young ladies, who was standin near the church door a-seein the sojer boys come up. My cockt hat fell off, and sumhow my coat-tales got twisted round my neck. The young ladies put their hankerchers to their mouths and remarked: "Te he," while my ancient female single friend, Sary Peasley, bust out into a loud larf. She exercised her mouth so vilently that her new false teeth fell out onto the ground.

"Miss Peasley," sed I, gittin up and dustin myself, "you must be more careful with them store teeth of your'n, or you'll hav to gum it agin!"

Methinks I had her.

I'd bin to work hard all the week, and I felt rather snoozy. I'm 'fraid I did git half asleep, for on hearin the minister ask, "Why was man made to mourn?" I sed, "I giv it up," havin a vague idee that it was a conundrum. It was a onfortunit remark, for the whole meetin house lookt at me with mingled surprise and indignation. I was about risin to a pint of order, when it suddenly occurd to me whare I was, and I kept my seat, blushin like the red, red rose—so to speak.

The next mornin I rose with the lark (N. B.—I don't sleep with the lark, tho'. A goak).

My little dawter was execootin ballids, accompanyin herself with the hand orgin, and she wisht me to linger and hear her sing: "Hark I hear a angel singin, a angel now is on the wing."

"Let him fly, my child!" said I, a-bucklin on my armer, "I must forth to my Biz."

We air progressin pretty well with our drill. As all air commandin offissers, there ain't no jelusy; and as we air all exceedin smart, it t'ain't worth while to try to outstrip each other. The idee of a company composed excloosivly of Commanders-in-Chiefs orriggernated, I spose I skurcely need say, in these Brane. Considered *as* a idee, I flatter myself it is putty hefty. We've got all the tackticks at our tongs' ends, but what we particly excel in is restin muskits. We can rest muskits with anybody.

Our corpse will do its dooty. We go to the Aid of Columby—we fight for the stars!

We'll be chopt into sassige meat before we'll exhibit our coat-tales to the foe.

We'll fight till there's nothin left of us but our little toes, and even they shall defiantly wiggle!

"Ever of thee,"

A. WARD.

Military Spiritualism.

We don't know whether the Rebels at Sewall's Point are believers in spiritualism, but we fancy they will ere long—some of them—be put in direct communication with the other world by means of our Rip Raps.

Latest from Washington.

The President says he don't object to having the traitors Hanging around our Camp.

A Game that Austria won't Play.

Burlin-game.

THE BRIER-WOOD PIPE.

I.

Ha! bully for me, again, when my turn for picket is over,
And now for a smoke, as I lie, with the moonlight, out in the clover.

II.

My pipe, it's only a knot from the root of the brier-wood tree,
But it turns my heart to the Northward—HARRY gave it to me.

III.

And I'm but a rough, at best, bred up to the row and the riot;
But a softness comes over my heart, when all are asleep and quiet.

IV.

For, many a time, in the night, strange things appear to my eye
As the breath from my brier-wood pipe sails up between me and the sky.

V.

Last night, a beautiful spirit arose with the wisping smoke;
O! I shook, but my heart felt good, as it spread out its hands and spoke.

VI.

Saying: "I am the soul of the brier; we grew at the root of a tree
Where lovers would come in the twilight, two ever, for company.

VII.

Where lovers would come in the morning—ever but two, together;
When the flowers were full in their blow, the birds in their song and feather.

VIII.

Where lovers would come in the noon time, loitering—never but two,
Looking in each others eyes, like the pigeons that kiss and coo.

IX.

And O! the honeyed words that came when the lips were parted,
And the passion that glowed in eyes, and the lightning looks that darted!

X.

Enough: Love dwells in the pipe—so ever it glows with fire!
I am the soul of the bush, and spirits call me "SWEET-BRIER."

XI.

That's what the brier-wood said, as nigh as my tongue can tell,
And the words went straight to my heart, like the stroke of the fire-bell!

XII.

To-night I lie in the clover, watching the blossomy smoke;
I'm glad the boys are asleep, for I ain't in the humor to joke.

XIII.

I lie in the hefty clover; between me and the moon
The smoke from my pipe arises; my heart will be quiet, soon.

XIV.

My thoughts are back in the city, I'm everything I've been;
I hear the bell from the tower, I run with the swift machine.

XV.

I see the red shirts crowding around the engine-house door,
The foreman's hail through the trumpet comes with a hollow roar.

XVI.

The reel in the Bowery dance-house, the row in the beer saloon,
Where I put in my licks at Big PAUL, come between me and the moon.

XVII.

I hear the drum and the bugle, the tramp of the cow-skin boots,
We are marching on our muscle, the Fire Zouave recruits!

XVIII.

White handkerchiefs wave before me—O! but the sight is pretty
On the white marble steps, as we march through the heart of the city.

XIX.

Bright eyes and clasping arms, and lips that bid us good hap;
And the splendid lady who gave me the Havelock for my cap.

XX.

O! up from my pipe-cloud rises, between me and the moon,
A beautiful white-robed lady; my heart will be quiet, soon.

XXI.

The lovely golden-haired lady ever in dreams I see,
Who gave me the snow-white Havelock—but what does she care for me?

XXII.

Look at my grimy features; mountains between us stand:
I with my sledge-hammer knuckles, she with her jewelled hand!

XII.

What care I?—the day that's dawning may see me, when all is over,
With the red stream of my life-blood staining the hefty clover.

XXIV.

Hark! the *reveillé* sounding out on the morning air;
Devils are we for the battle—will there be angels there?

XXV.

Kiss me, again, SWEET BRIER, the touch of your lip to mine
Brings back the white-robed lady with hair like the golden wine!

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

The Reason Why.

Southerners will not come North this year, as usual, to disport themselves at our charming summer retreats, Saratoga, Newport, etc. This, we think, must result from a conviction on their part that Gen. SCOTT will provide them with a great many nice Retreats at home.

Epi-thalami-gram.

On Tuesday, June 11th, 1861, in Pottstown, Pa., by the Rev. Edmund Leaf, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. George H. Potts to Miss Rose Leaf.

Hymen has kindly cherished this fair Rose;
Not, like rash Cupid, with fierce love besotted;
As, from the altar, a veiled bride, she goes,
The Leaf has vanished, but the Rose is Potted!

What Bridesmaids always Stand Up for.

A W edding.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, WHO HAS GENERAL ORDERS NOT TO BE TAKEN ALIVE, RIGS HIMSELF OUT, EN BARBETTE, FOR A WALK THROUGH THE SECEDING STATES.

"Save your Rags!"

"Save your rags, people of the South!" exclaims a Memphis paper; "your cotton and your rags. The[y] are much in demand for paper." People of the South! you have, just now, something far more important to save than rags for making paper, only to let traitors print and circulate mischievous lies among you. VANITY FAIR fraternally invites you to lay down your arms and—save your bacon!

"String-em-Up."

"HANS and NIBBLES were trying to crack jokes, when NIBBLES ventured upon the antiquated assertion, that he hoped Commodore Stringham would prove worthy the name of String-em-up.

"Ha! ha!" roared HANS, "das is ver good; string em up mit rope. Ha! ha! ver good *choke!*"

A Fact worth Minding.

Says DAVIS, "However persistent the foe,
As *we* struck the *first*, so we'll strike the *last* blow."
But that won't determine which party is strongest;
For the *last* blow, my boy, is *the blow that lasts longest!*

For the Horse Marines.

The Confederates, it is true, have no Navy to speak of *afloat*. But their recent retrograde tactics in Virginia prove that they are becoming adepts in *flee* movements on *land*. We have no doubt their cavalry are thorough *horse-marines*.

COMPROMISE.

The veriest spawn of the "Father of Lies"
Is that creeping creature called Compromise.

A slimy thing in [v]ile disguise
With the pompous title—Compromise.

The tool of the weak—the scorn of the wise,
Oh! men! beware of Compromise.

Crooked and dark the path they lies
Before the fiend named Compromise.

Avoiding the gleam of good men's eyes,
Characterless crawls Compromise.

Two cowards at war—one of them cries
"Let's settle the matter by Compromise!"

So wrapped in a screen that detection defies,
In stalks the umpire—Compromise.

Two thieves who grasp at a stolen prize,
Divide the spoils by Compromise.

A country groans and a nation sighs
When the leaders turn to Compromise.

Though fools may hope to strengthen ties
By Cotton bands or Compromise.

If you wish to see a nation rise
Dare to speak of Compromise.

Accursed be he who sells or buys
His country's honor with Compromise.

Hang him high and after he dies,
Write on his tombstone—Compromise.

Can ye never a plan devise
To save your land but Compromise?

Come to your senses! Up! Arise!
Ere ye strike on the rock of Compromise!

HABITS OF THE CHINESE.

Among the latest intelligence from China, under date of Shanghae, April 23, 1861, we find the following:

"Business dull. Shirtings unchanged."

Well, this seemed to us to be a bad business enough, in a sanitary point of view; but the indulgent reader will be so obliging as to imagine our feelings, when a further reading disclosed to us that domestic arrangements stood as follows, at Canton, April 30, 1861:

"Sheetings active, but unchanged."

Now, if Cleanliness is next to Godliness, as eminent tract-writers have assured us is the case, we just want to know what on earth the missionary men sent to reform China are about.

An Extensive Thing on Stocks.

To every general rule, there is, or ought to be, some exception. Thus, when we say, that no man likes to be made a laughing-stock, we must except the Stock Comedian, whose whole stock in trade is laid out with a view to that result.

A Missive from Missouri.

Good for Secessionists, and other vermin.
LYON'S Powder.

Breaches of Contract.

Those furnished by the army contractors to most of the new regiments.

"The Army and Knavy Forever!"

Our Troops and their Contractors.

WANTED.

NORTHERN RAGS FOR COMPROMISE WITH SOUTHERN METTLE.

LATEST FROM THE THUNDERER'S OWN.

[By the assiduity of little Tommy Eavesdrop, our Special Ratsmeller at Montgomery, we are enabled to present to our readers the following original letter from the immortal RUSSELL to *The London Times*. How Tommy obtained this precious epistle we cannot pretend to say. Evil communications corrupt good manners; and although Tommy was tolerably honest when we sent him to Montgomery, that is a very light-fingered locality, and "conveying" is a contagious thing. But it will not do for a newspaper in these times to be squeamish; and we have long been painfully oppressed by a sense of our own honesty, especially as our neighbors appear to be in possession of skeleton keys adapted to the principal bureaus in Washington. Should Mr. RUSSELL feel in the least aggrieved, we stand prepared to respond, under the direction of twelve men, in damages to any amount not exceeding One Hundred Thousand dollars:

MONTGOMERY, CAPITAL OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, May 10, 1861.

It has been exceedingly hot here for several days. I have, however, continued to accept my invitations to dinners, which I have found uncommonly good; and I have also found my hosts, when not talking, in a somewhat inebriate style, of the d— Yankees, to be graceful, elegant, intelligent, frank, courteous, pleasing and irresistibly charming. From all quarters, I have heard the question: "Will not your Queen spare to us a Prince of the Blood Royal to come and reign over us?—and if not, name your own terms, and come and reign over us yourself;"—it being known that I am of the blood-royal of Munster, and it being very properly felt that a renegade Irishman, particularly if he has eaten the bread of *The London Times*, must necessarily have a fine hand at guarding and guiding a gang of slaves. This intense affection for the British monarchy and for me, is manifested in a hundred ways. Our Constitution is praised, and my constitution is almost ruined by the great number of gratuitous juleps which I have been forced to drink. The State of South Carolina was founded by gentlemen; and I am satisfied that she knows a gentleman when she sees one still. Such is the force of tradition. But the Yankees—the buying and selling Yankees—descendants of the pestilent pilgrims, the South hates with a hearty, and heavy, and hoarded hatred which it is pleasant to witness. Only mention New England, and Southern men begin to bluster, roar, swear, grow red in the face, dance with passion, and approximate to epilepsy. And yet better dinners than they give I have never tasted, and never shall wish to taste. They denounce Northern men as bigot blackguards, brutal blackguards, beastly blackguards. Yet the Montgomery mahogany is always well spread. They consider New England to be several degrees below the moral and social standard of Sodom just before its destruction. Yet finer judges of wines and spirits cannot be found in the world. Their opinions may be unreasonable—but did you ever taste a cocktail? They may be ignorant and knavish, but you cannot tell how courteous they are. They are very profane—but there is really a charm in their conversation. They are very unreasonable—but there are always two sides to every question. They are very disagreeable—but you cannot help liking them. They are quite in the wrong—and yet, you see, they are perfectly in the right. The New Englanders may be the more moral, but the Southrons are the least immoral; and in addition to this, I have never witnessed such superb abandon in asking a fellow-creature to dinner as they exhibit.

I have dined with most of the heads of the Government; and the question continually put to me is: "Are you willing that the Cotton States should be re-annexed to Great Britain?" I have invariably answered that I had no objection to such a policy; but, on the other hand, that I would cheerfully allow the same to be consummated without protest on my part. This assurance has appeared to relieve inquiring gentlemen from considerable anxiety, and whenever and wherever I am again asked to dinner, I shall take occasion to renew the expression of my assurance. I repeat that I approve the policy indicated.

I have been presented to the Confederate President. I have been presented to the Confederate Secretary at War. I have been presented to the Confederate Secretary of State. I have been presented to the Confederate Attorney-General. I have been presented to Gen. Beauregard. I have been presented to them all, in a large red brick building. The President is blind of one eye, but its undarkened mate is piercing; and his pantaloons, on that occasion, were of a light gray color. The Attorney-General is an able man. The Secretary of State is a very able man. The Secretary at War is an exceedingly able man. Gen. Beauregard is an uncommonly able man. Commodore Tatnall is an extraordinarily able man. I am sure of this, for I dined with him on the 1st inst.

The policy of the Confederate States, as I am informed by the President, the Secretary at War, the Secretary of State, the Attorney-General, Commodore Tatnall, Gen. Beauregard, and nine editors, is to sell all their cotton to us, and to leave all New England without a single shirt. I was asked—upon occasion of dining with Gen. Beauregard—if I would consent to this policy. I reserved my answer until the next day, when—upon occasion of dining with Mr. Benjamin—I replied that, cotton being what my country needed, I had no objection to the purchase of cotton by England—nor to the sale of the same by South Carolina to England. I trust that I did not, when I said this, commit the Ministry or *The London Times* to any course which may be considered unprofitable.

In my communication of the 8th inst., I observed that the weather was exceedingly hot in Montgomery. I have now to report once more that it is exceedingly hot. Hotter weather I have never experienced. I must move before the weather grows hotter still. At dinner to-day the Attorney-General observed that it was growing uncommonly hot; but whether he referred to the weather or the war I was too civil to ask, especially as we hear of great risings at the North, of base mechanic volunteers, of whose movements I do not desire to make any over close observations.

REJECTED NATIONAL HYMNS.

No. II.

COLUMBIA, one summer's day,
On the Capitol grounds, was making hay.

Beneath her Liberty cap, a wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

JEFF. DAVIS rode on the avenue,
Humming the tune of the Red, White and Blue.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of a maple tree, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Under the Treasury, over the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup.

He spoke of Cotton, and Territories,
And Fugitive Bills, and Supreme Decrees,

Then talked of Secession, and wondered whether
The cloud in the South would bring foul weather.

At last, like one who for delay
Has no excuse, he rode away,

Once he looked back from the foot of the hill,
And saw COLUMBIA standing still:

"Would she were mine," he said as he went,
"And I this day were President!"

But he thought of the people, who wouldn't choose
To give him a chance that place to refuse.

So, closing his heart, JEFF. rode on his way,
And left COLUMBIA making hay,

He wedded Secession, with debt for dower;
And bought with treason the shadow of power,

But, when his army grew scant of bread,
He longed for the Senatorship instead;

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free, as when I saw that day,
COLUMBIA making capital hay!"

Thus, of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, "It shouldn't have been!"

J. G. W.

Kept his Word.

Gen. JOHNSON promised his soldiers a *treat* when the Union army came, and he gave them a Retreat.

LIFE INSURANCE IN NEW-YORK.

Cheerful Ostler.—"PASS ALONG, MA'RM—IT AIN'T NOTHING ONLY OATS AND PLAY."

THE ORGAN OF JACK KETCH.

Our neighbors up in Printing House Square, we regret to see, are getting marvellously blood-thirsty, considering they are vegetarians and humanitary reformers.

They have cultivated a striking taste for hemp, which, they believe, should be a panacea of universal application for all political troubles.

They seem to have a personal and unprofessional desire to hang not only JEFF. DAVIS and his Cabinet, who deserve it, but each and every other Southern man, woman, and child whose skin is lighter than a buff envelope.

We respectfully demur against such wholesale rope-dancing.

In the first place, the *Tribune* may not be aware that two-thirds of the rebel army are either indifferent, or, good Union men at heart, who have been driven into the ranks by terrorism. Terrorism is, and always has been, the work of a villainous minority.

And those who are not in the ranks—who remain at home in the teeth of this terrorism—are almost all loyal.

Now, if we go to hanging Union men, why not begin in New York as well as in New Orleans? Indeed, why not hang the Philosophers of Printing-House Square first?

In the next place, hemp-stretching is a game that two can play at; and when it is once commenced, there is no knowing where it will stop.

So far, we have no proofs that more than one or two Union men have been hanged by the rebels, and the proofs are decidedly shaky in the few cases we have heard of. The *Tribune* is notorious for its credulity, however, when any horrible story is concerned, and doubtless believes the cheerful anecdotes of the *Herald* correspondents, all of which are regularly taken back again the day after publication.

The philosophers, as we have said, are decidedly blood-thirsty, and cannot refrain from smacking their lips over the horrors of war, be they true, or only telegraphic.

But they should beware of over-indulging their sweet tooth for nightmare reports. If they should persuade the administration to begin hanging on this side of MASON & DIXON'S line, they would also persuade the rebels to begin on the other side. The war would then become serious, and "nobody hurt!" would be, to use a familiar expression, played out.

No, gentlemen of the *Tribune*, don't you do so any more. Read your old files, and let your eyes sparkle over the slave-burnings, the paddle-beatings, the blood-hound hunts, and the rest of the choice humanitarian morsels that you loved in olden days; gloat over these, we say, and draw your hanging mild. The present war is not one of your kind of humanitarian reforms. It is in earnest, and has nothing to do with sending Mr. GREELEY to Congress.

But if you go on at your recent rate, the public will adopt your style of reasoning, and give you rope enough, perhaps, to hang yourselves.

WHOM THIS CAP FITS LET HIM WEAR IT.

I'd be a Brigadier vested with power,
Stupid and ignorant, reckless and gay,
Ready an enemy's country to scour,
Ere I had learned what might lie by the way.
When the masked batteries opened in thunder,
Then only then would I wake to my blunder,
As the shot tore my poor regiments asunder,
And they were forced to retreat from the fray.

I'd be no Brigadier when the court martial
Sternly and solemnly sits on my case;
And the dead witnesses dumb and impartial,
Evidence give of my lasting disgrace.
Better to lie where my victims were lying
Helpless and faint with the dead and the dying,
Than to hear blood at the Heaven gate crying,
And walk through the world with a murderer's face.

Railly.

The Union men complain of the impossibility of getting away from the South. Yet the moment any one expresses Union sentiments he is out of town on a Rail Rode.

The Dearest arm of the Service.

The Brigadier.

More Southern Cozening.

The Mobile *Tribune* suggests "Cousin Sally" as a pet name for the C. S. A.—"an offset to Uncle Sam." This suggestion may be a good enough Sally for the Mobilious editor, and is the only one he or the soldiers are likely to make. It is quite natural, too, that they should think of cozening. Considing their stealing propensities down there, however, we would suggest the name of "Aunt *Nab*-by."

A Clear Case.

If the rumor be true that a certain diurnal
"Is about to be merged in" a neighboring journal';
That certain diurnal will certainly die!
And if our *Enquirer* should wish to know why,
The answer is plain—and there isn't a doubt of it—
Going *into* the *World* is the way to *go out of* it!

Pedestrianism.

One of the fastest runners in the world was a man named JACKSON, who performed wonderful feats of speed in this country some years ago, under the *sobriquet* of the "American deer." Can this be tue renowned runner-away, Governor JACKSON of Missouri? The feats of that "American Deer" have seldom been surpassed; though we may look for still greater running from him, now that he has a LYON after him.

A Saw that wants Resetting.

An answer.

HARDEE MADE EASY.

CAREFUL instructor will cause the recruit to stand in an easy attitude, having "arms hanging naturally, the palm of the hand turned a little to the front, the little finger behind the seam of the pantaloons." It is hardly necessary to remark that the last of these directions cannot apply to the members of a Scottish regiment.

The summer season is preferable to any other for the instruction of squads. A recruit who is exercised for twelve hours at a stretch under the Broiling sun of July cannot long remain Raw.

Priming, or affixing the percussion cap to the cone of the lock, must be done at "one time and two motions." Priming, or affixing the canteen to the soldier's muzzle, is usually an operation of several times, and the motion in removing it is much slower than that in the process of elevation. Where the soldier is a good marksman, the first of these two processes may be looked on as the prime of death. Where he uses the canteen discreetly, that kind of priming may be considered the prime of life.

Where a squad consists entirely of knock-kneed men, it would be superfluous for the instructor to order them to "bring their heels together with a snap."

It is indispensable for officers to understand, thoroughly, the bugle calls for the various skirmishing manœuvres. More than this, officers should be capable of performing these calls, themselves, when the time comes for Blows. A lieutenant who can tootle skillfully upon the bugle might, in case of need, be transferred from infantry to cavalry, as he would, in all probability, be a pretty good Cornet.

There is nothing in any of the other editions of HARDEE'S Tactics at all to be compared for cheerfulness, combined with utility, to the suggestions contained in this, the VANITY FAIR version of that interesting work. It is obviously the first duty, then, of every recruit, to invest his first or last sixpence in this, the only HARDEE ever quoted by General SCOTT.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, June 29, 1861.

DEAR VANITY:—Future is big with something . . .

Movements may shortly be expected . . .

At present, however, I do not consider it advisable to communicate anything to you that contains a particle of truth . . .

This, of course, will not prevent me from giving you the same news as other correspondents send to the New York press.

The following correspondence may interest your readers:

RICHMOND, Wednesday.

Commander MCARONE:—Sir: I desire to know the earliest moment when it may be convenient for you to meet me on the battle-field with such forces as you may deem necessary to secure a victory over my army.

If you are disengaged on Sunday next, that day will be perfectly agreeable to me, though I am willing to arrange for any other time you may prefer. I remain very truly yours,

BEAUREGARD.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday.

Commander BEAUREGARD:—Dr. Sir: I shall be happy to meet you on Sunday, if fine; I will advance my forces across your line at about eleven o'clock, A. M., if agreeable to you. With sentiments of esteem, I am yours,

MCARONE.

This was to have been last Sunday, but early in the morning, some friends having come to see me, from Baptist-town, N. J., I got on a spree, and forgot all about the battle until it was too late.

I hear that Gen. BEAUREGARD was greatly disappointed by my want of punctuality.

I am sorry.

The statement recently made by some of your contemporaries, that there is no such person as General B., is an unmitigated falsehood, and should be branded as such. The general, though somewhat scorbutic, has a generous soul, and has evinced many playful attributes when in the company of his equals, which finer society I never was in.

Having found camping very expensive and troublesome, I have withdrawn my forces from Virginia, and the entire division now boards at WILLARD'S, where every comfort and luxury of life is supplied to them, gratis, by the patriotic proprietor. The only thing about the hotel, of which I can complain, is a scarcity of silverware; but when one considers the peculiar ideas of my soldiers on the property question, this is not strange.

I, too, have my little eccentricities in that line.

Some celebrated military critics, high in authority, have found fault with me for withdrawing my army from Virginia, but all who are not infernal fools, agree that it is the wisest plan I could have adopted. My policy is the preservation of life. The days of barbarous warfare are over, or should be, though BEAUREGARD has so far been unable to prevent his troops from using not only masked batteries and other relics of savage days, but ball-cartridges also, both for musketry and ordnance.

My system is simply to wait. I wish to give the rebels time to retreat and change their minds.

To be sure, they have abused my leniency, and instead of retiring quietly, as they should if I commanded them, have occupied the time I thus generously extend to them, in the erection of earth-works, the manufacture of arms and ammunition, and the perfection of their army.

But then I hope that they may turn from their misguided ways, and learn to see that the cause I espouse can be no other than the right one. I send them many thousand tracts daily.

And again, the longer I delay, the more chance there is for the Union sentiment to overcome the terrorism that crushes it down just now. It is well known to the editors of the *Tribune* that JEFF. DAVIS and his Cabinet are red-hot Union men, but are compelled to favor the rebel side ostensibly, through fear. BEAUREGARD and his entire army are in the same category. The Union sentiment rages throughout Virginia, in every town, village, and hamlet, as in Georgia, Louisiana, Alabama, and South Carolina; but the reign of terror keeps it down. I have yet to see a Southern man who is not a good federalist at heart, and when the reaction comes all will be well.

I am waiting for the reaction.

General SCOTT evidently sanctions this line of policy, though as yet he has not consulted me for advice.

The battle that I described in my last is supposed to have been much more disastrous than was reported. Owing, however, to the flat refusal of all the officers to make any official statement, it is utterly impossible to get any details. The following is the only list of killed and wounded that has been made out:

Name.		*Regiment.*
JOHN SMITH,	(killed)	Four hundredth.
WM. JONES,	" and wounded	Fiftieth.
UNKNOWN,	(unknown)	Tenth.
SAML. BROWN	killed (fatally)	Eightieth.
JOHN ——,	(neither)	Unknown.
—— ROBINSON,	killed (slightly)	Two thousandth.
H. W. BEECHER	unhurt	None.
C. BLOWN,	shot in the neck	Second.
PRIVATE SEARS,	Missing	Twelfth.
OTHERS,	not much hurt	Various.

This list is not regarded as entirely correct. All of the men mentioned, however, are at the hospital, and are doing well. I went up to see them, the other day, and had a touching interview with one.

As I passed a cot near the door—a common cane-bottomed bedstead—I heard a faint "God bless you!"

"God bless yourself," I said.

"Don't you know me, boss?" asked the voice.

I turned, and saw a robust though delicate young man, who looked as if he might have been about twenty-seven on the 24th